

Every single day I'm living in fear.
 Of my life, or what I've got.
 So another dope fiend can cop another rock.
 Yea, I pack a gatt.
 but whose gonna watch my back?
 You can get bumped off from any direction.
 In the ghetto?
 There's no protection.
 Every single day I struggle to survive.
 With high hopes, that I make it out alive.
 Its gonna be hard this I know.
 This type of treatment was designed strictly for the
 ghetto.

What About The Ghetto

Sistaz, are producing like rabbits.
 8 kids born all the product of a habit.
 She's tired and she needs another hit.
 In the back seat of a car is how she cop her next
 fix.

This time things don't go so right.
 "Johnny" came from under the sit with a knife.
 Hit the sista 'bout 3 times in the chest.
 2 to the head.
 Dumped the sista out by the curve.
 Left her for dead.
 8 kids at home in bed.
 Didn't even know that mama was dead.
 They'll find out tho'.
 5-0 is at the front doo'.

You hear about the fight against gangs and coke
 (cocaine),

Ask them.

What About The Ghetto.

"In Here"

In here I see strengths,
 In here I see fear.
 In here I see innocence.
 In here I see guilt.
 In here I see pride.
 In here I see cowardice,
 In here I see warriors,
 In here I see agents.
 In here I see freedom,
 In here I see repression.
 In here I see life,
 In here I see genocide,
 In here I see me,
 In here I see you.
 In here I see us.
 In here I see nation.....

In here I see!
 In here I see!
 In here I see!

-All Power to the People-
 Bubba-B!

A SOULJAHZ THOUGHTS

LIBERATION!



By: BUBBA-B!

INTRODUCTION

In time we all grow and develop, some times our actions may not be as good as some had hoped for, but all in all we do our best. Likewise with this pamphlet that I have wrote. Every body is not going to agree with some of my views, or like everything in my pamphlet, which is cool, I wrote this pamphlet to enlighten sistaz and brothaz (hopefully) on a level which all can relate to, no fancy play on words, but at the same time its raw reality.

All the pieces in this pamphlet has touched me one way or another, and if there's just one piece that touches you, (the reader) or teaches you something? Then this pamphlet has served its purpose. I do hope that the reader of this pamphlet truly enjoy it enough that this pamphlet will be talked about discussed, at home, work, an the streetz, in "hoodz", at church, schoolz, in prisonz, in Afrika, Denmark, the Netherlands, and any where else that the oppressed dwell. So take a little time, set back and enjoy yourself.

-TILL ALL ARE FREE-

BUBBA-B!

NOTE

All drawings done by:
Jonathan B. Dotson

Just for your info (the reader) I've written under the name "Bubba-B!" Also just the letter "B" which you'll see throughout this pamphlet, but for those that don't know. My real Name is: Billy Brown

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:

Manqwiro Sadiki = Jonathan B. Dotson = Obam = B.I.G. a.k.a. Cabral = Fi'raun Umoja = Taajwar-Bey = Iman Rasui = Collier-Bey = Khalfani X. Khaldun = Carter-Bey = Hal Pepinsky = Fleet = Akili Sadiki = Shanqo = Shaka Sukur = Candyce Hawk = Lene Pantawapirom = Talib Becktemba = Levi & Michelle = Sanyika O (a.k.a. Joel) = Averhart-bey = Akono = Stevie-Dee! = 'Shasta = Sadiki Tyehimba

And to all souljahz who has given their lives for our struggle for freedom, we must not allow their sacrifices to be in vain - we struggle 'till all are free... and beyond.

-ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE-

BUBBA-B

I'd like to acknowledge Portland ABC-SG for without their support this pamphlet and alot of other things wouldn't have been possible, so to all of the people at Portland ABC-SG I salute you all with a clinched fist held high in the air for the world to see.

-TILL ALL ARE FREE-

"B"



into the community mothas and fathas, brothas, and sistas left by the wayside.

Now, freely of my own will, I pledge this creed, for the sake of freedom for my people and a better world, on pain and disgrace and banishment if I prove false. For I am no longer deaf, dumb or blind. I am by inspiration of the ancestors and grace of the creator.. a New Afrikan.

"What About The Ghetto?"

Land of the free my ass.
Lets take a look into the lower class.
Where the streets are filled with scum S trash.
Families don't have enough to eat.
Little kids in the streets with no shoes on their feet.
Lumpen mentality rein supreme in the alley. Dead
is another dope fiend.
I lay in my bed and I'm afraid to sleep.
Worrying if I'm gonna be hit by the neighborhood

sneak thief.

Will he take the microwave, radio, or TV.

Or case the joint.

Looking for the "B"?

-What About The Ghetto-

Things don't change down here.

Back to my point. PSP has / is going through the same things as PP / POW no more, no less, therefore to divide the PSP from, or create PSP, in my point is incorrect line. We are first and foremost prisoners (whether behind walls or not) and as my studies have shown (and I'm sure others) that politics has always been apart of human kind. from the onset of civilization.

We are all Political Prisoners / Prisoners of War. This is only my point of view. Therefore, I welcome all comments, constructive criticism, or maybe somebody wants to set me straight, its only how I see it: We are all one!

New Afrikan Creed.

1) I believe in the spirituality, humanity, and genius of Black people, and in our new pursuit of these values.

2) I believe in the family and the community, and in the community as a family, and I will work to make this concept live.

3) I believe in the community as more important than the individual.

4) I believe in constant struggle for freedom, to end oppression, and build a better world. I believe in collective struggle: in fashioning victory in concert with my brothas & sistas.

5) I believe that the fundamental reason our oppression continues is that WE, as a people, lack the power to control our lives.

6) I believe that the fundamental way to gain power and end oppression is to build a sovereign black nation.

7) I believe that all the land in amerikkka, upon which we have lived for a long time, which we have worked and built upon, and which we have fought to stay on, is land that belongs to us as a people.

8) I believe in the Malcolm X doctrine; that we must organize upon this land, and hold a plebiscite, to tell the world by a vote that we are free and our land independent and that, after the vote, we must stand ready to defend ourselves, establishing the nation beyond contradiction.

9) Therefore, I pledge to struggle without cease, until we have won sovereignty. I pledge to struggle without fail until we have built a better condition that the world has yet known.

10) I will give my life, if that is necessary. I will give my time, my mind, my strength, and my wealth because this is necessary.

11) I will follow my chosen leaders and help them.

12) I will love my brothas and sistas as myself.

13) I will steal nothing from a brotha of sista, inform on no brotha or sista, and spread no gossip.

14) I will keep myself clean in body, dress and speech, knowing that I am a light set on a hill, a true representative of what we are building.

15) I will be patient and uplifting with the deaf, dumb, and blind and I will seek my word and deed to heal the black family, to bring into the movement and



CONTENTS

- 1) Forget Me Not.
- 2) Seclusion.
- 3) Ol' Father Time.
- 4) Why Do We?
- 5) My Voice In Vain.
- 6) A Tribute To Mama's Worldwide!
- 7) Is My Enemy - Yo' Enemy?
- 8) With My Eyes Closed.
- 9) Nobody Told Me.
- 10) Self Criticism...Of Self.
- 11) Everybody In Amerikkka.
- 12) Watchful Eye.
- 13) What Does Truly Being Free Mean?
- 14) U Feel Me?
- 15) How Come? (unknown author)
- 16) Time Don't Wait.
- 17) They Tried.
- 18) For The Youths.
- 19) Dignity (Mychal Wynn).
- 20) Our Sistaz.
- 21) Are Prisoners Really Slaves?
- 22) 23 Hours.
- 23) Was Slavery Ended, Or Sophisticated?
- 24) The Tradition (Assata Shukur).
- 25) The Black National Anthem.
- 26) The African Pledge.
- 27) The Rap On Rappers.
- 28) PP/POW, Or PSP?
- 29) New Afrikan Creed.
- 30) What About The Ghetto?
- 31) In Here.

"Forget Me Not"

Why must I go like dis?

It's Definitely not my wish....?

My oppressor choose, dis path..

He sayz I've got to feel his raft...

I've lived a fruitful life.. dedicated my to uplifting my people.. but now my keeper haz swooped down on me like a reaper....

I want fight, cry, or beg; when you strap me to your gurney.. I live on in my people.. and may my murders every wakin' day by stormy..

Not from sleet, snow or rain,

Cuz hiz conscious knows dat he haz killed an innocent man in vain....

But it probably want bother him tho',

So with a clenched fist salute, I say:

-UHURU-

.....Is something now, dat I truly know....

In memory of : Brotha Ziyon Yisrayah.

-Seclusion-

I'am in de middle of nowhere, but I'am somewhere.

I see nothing, but yet I see it all.

I hear nothing, but de soundz are clear.

I'am lost in time, but I know de time.

I feel nothing, but me emotionz are rattled.

My motor skillz are null, but my body is in motion.

I'am unconscious, but I'am conscious.

It is my enemy, but it is my best friend.

-Seclusion-

We all may fear de unknown, but why should we fear dat which we haven't experienced? And a majority of us have not experienced de ultimate, which is SELF.

"O! Fatha Time"

As I set here, time movez slow, it seemz dat even fatha time knowz.

Knowz dat somethang iz 'bout to happen, but it want come ta him, as de secondz tick away,

He knowz dat time iz slim.

He scratchez hiz head, and thinkz back..

It confuzez him, whatz de hapz?

2 minutez 'till de clock chimez,

Thingz just don't slip fatha timez mind,

First time fo' everythang I guess, so fatha time set back ta rest..

12 O'clock midnight straight up & down.

Still nothing came 'round.

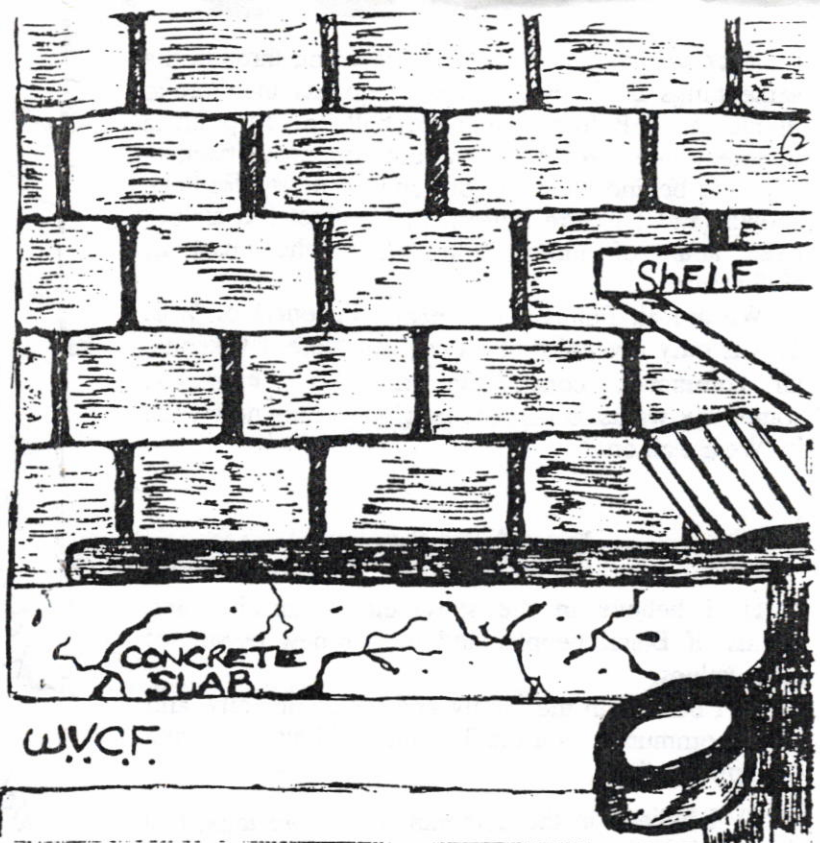
Fatha time kickz back wit'a cup'a tea.

BAM! de time waz 12:03

Fatha time jumped up and checked de date...

-JULY. 18. 1996-

...He knew he waz much to late....



believe that this subject has somewhat detoured, or sidetracked some comrades.

-PP / POW, PSP-

Why do we need the PSP? This is a two fold answer: 1) Some prisoners (ones I have talked to) feel this PSP is them, for the fact that PP / POW's has been giving to those prisoners with high profile cases. 2) While others feel that history dictates that all oppressed New Afrikans, as well as other people of color, North Amerikans (that are against this government), were / is PP / POW regardless if the so called crime was committed on the streets against this government or not.

My point being this, I see this subject as causing division amongst prisoners, for the fact that those that have PP/POW status is viewed by many as an elite class, because their so called crime was before coming to prison, therefore they had a degree of consciousness. also that PP / POW have been recognized by the General Assembly Resolution 3103 (XXVIII) (Geneva Convention relative to the treatment of POW) (Aug. 12, 1949)

Just the mere term of definition of PSP sets it apart from PP / POW, but by that same token, PSP has faced the same diabolical treatment inside as well as "outside" of these walls, of course the PSP was in his / her lumpen stages before becoming placed in one of these cages. but likewise the PP / POW went through these same stages.

I'll give a ball park figure (not a fact) 85% to 90% of all PP / POW was a part of this Black Liberation struggle. i.e. BLA, BPP, etc.. etc., back in the 60's & 70's when we understood that we had an enemy. because the government was attacking us with physical, psychological, chemical, etc.. etc.. in its rawest form, its still jumping off today (1999) but its mostly done through the mass media.

We will raise many children for our nation:
 We will have discipline, patience, devotion, and
 courage:
 We will live as models, to provide new direction for
 our people:
 We will be free and self determining;
 We are African People...
 We will win!!

"The Rap On Rappers"

Day in and day out I listen to my Brothaz debate the issue of who got the most money, Master P, Puff Daddy, J.D. (Jermaine Dupree), etc., etc. Most of the time these debates can get pretty heated, about petit-bourgeoisie opportunism.

These rappers that our youth want to be like, dress like, speak like (the vocab.) are nothing more than modern day slaves, but the difference between rappers and the true controllers of the means of production? Rappers (at the rate their going) will never control their own destiny, let alone contribute anything meaningful towards our struggle for freedom.

Rappers are a privileged class, privileged class meaning that; that privilege can be taken at any given time - no questions / no rap!

Therefore, Master P, Puffy, etc., etc., is not going to commit class suicide for the liberation of the very people that has provided them with their privileged class status. We (the oppressed) are the consumers which allow our youths minds to be destroyed by purchasing records, CD's, etc., that dehumanize us.

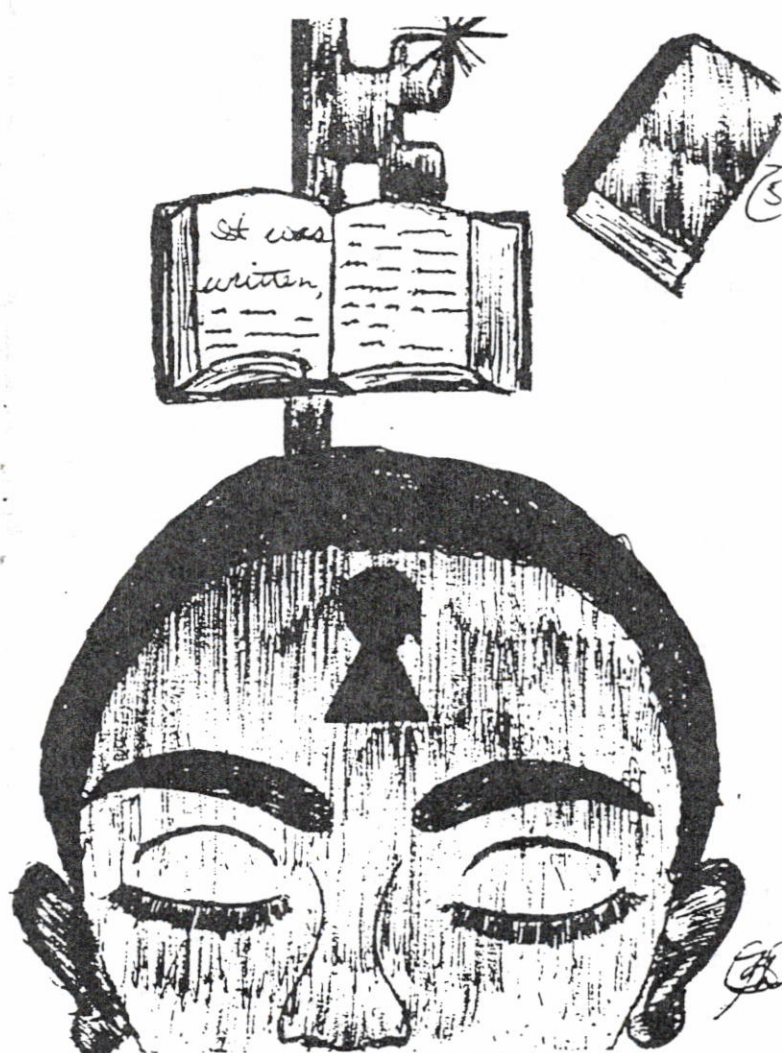
But at the same time it is serving a purpose for our oppressors, (got to be a contradiction up in there somewhere -ss-) so the consumer (us) must dictate the flow of rap music, if dehumanizing songs, dope slanging, etc., etc., is not being bought on wax by the consumer (us) then I would think that rappers would have to come up with some new and fresh ideas, or their privileged status would change...fast!

So that there will be no misunderstanding about what a petit-bourgeoisie is, I offer this definition from "Revolutionary Political Dictionary" (2nd edition) (ABCF).

PETITE BOURGEOISIE - The middle class or privileged worker who enjoys a relatively comfortable level of existence. The small businessmen, entrepreneurs, and self employed, artists, entertainers, doctors, lawyers, and athletes belong to this class. They do not own or control the major means of production, but their main aspiration is to obtain the status, wealth, and power of the bourgeoisie...

PP / POW Or PSP?

Alot has been written on this subject, so I'll simply come from "my" point of view, not saying that my idea is unique, or greater than anyone else's points, but I do



De moral of dis piece iz, time never stopz fo' anyone. We are in a constant state of change. Therefo', in order ta keep up wit' de changin' timez WE must be willin' ta change wit' de timez.....

In Memory of: Ziyon Yisrayah

-ABOLISH DE DEATH PENALTY-

Why Do We?

Why do WE depend on our oppressors for aid and assistance?

Why do we cheer on agents of oppression, when they're beating down a person under these same circumstances, but of different nationality, gay, female, etc., etc.?

Why do we need political awareness in the land of the FREE, and the home of the BRAVE?

Why do WE view a few "token" privileges as advancement for New Afrikans / Oppressed People as a whole?

Why do WE not execute S.C. (Secure Communication) when a female / Male agents of oppression is amongst US?

Why do WE allow prisoncrats to get under OUR skin? I.e. push Buttons.

Why do WE not recognize the monster (imperialism) which is killing US at a faster rate than any other nationality on this North Amerikkkan continent?

Why do WE see OURSELVES as Amerikkkan when we were enslaved by the same system that subjected US to every inhuman act thinkable, and still doing it today? I.e. genocide.

WE all may have answers for the above questions, and some may be logical answers, but an answer is nothing more than RHETORIC when OUR answers, solutions, etc. are not being put into PRACTICE, or putting forth a CONSCIOUS EFFORT to act toward the line of OUR answers, solutions, etc., etc.

This is not about me, you, I, her, him, etc. (individual)

This piece is called WHY DO WE! (collective)

-FREE THE MIND-
-FREE THE LAND-
-UHURU SASA-

"My Voice In Vain"

My voice echoes over the range, drowning out all other voices, cuz I am trying to get a point across. The point of UNITY amongst prisoners, that unspoken law of respect, but do anyone hear me? It seems that my voice is being wasted.. in vain. Tho' I keep talking cuz I know that other prisoners are in tune, so I push on with my spill of prisoncrats, and there politics, and OUR best defense against this virus. There are a few prisoners that are truly interested, then there are ones who using my voice to pass time, or what ever their agendas may be., my voice in vain.

I understand that a lot of prisoners wish I would shut the fuck up, cuz they would rather be talking about "dicks and ass", or talking about each other in other wicked ways, but here comes my voice, pushing this hard-line of consciousness, of self awareness, OUR story, about nation. Things are quiet as I speak, my voice booming over the ranges, questioning this unnecessary bullshit that is flooding the airwaves, is this the best we can come up with? To discuss another man's / woman's anatomy as if its an eight course

meal. Is this the best OUR great minds can produce? If so, then this prison struggle which we are engaged in, is in ruins, WE are in for a rude awakening.

Never the least, my voice pushes on, searching for potential on this set. I know its here, for I've seen the fire in the eye's of these prisoners, and my voice will bring that fire to the surface, and point that energy in the right direction, focusing on the upliftment of self, as well as others thats in this same situation. (servitude) WE must make a choice: either we want to remain subjected to this dehumanizing cycle laid down by these demons! Or rise up as men / women, as prisoners and say: UHURU SASA!!

-DON'T LET MY VOICE GO IN VAIN!!



We have come over a way that with tears has been watered.

We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered,

Out from the gloomy past,

Till now we stand at last

Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years,

God of our silent years

Thou who has brought us thus far on the way;

Thou who has by thy might

Led us into the light.

Keep us forever in the path, we pray.

Lest our feet stray from the places, our god, where we met thee.

Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget thee,

Shadowed beneath thy hand.

May we forever stand,

True to our god

True to our native land.

The African Pledge

We will remember the humanity, glory and suffering of our ancestors

And honor the struggle of our elders;

We well strive to bring new value, and new life to our people;

We will have peace and harmony among us

We will be loving, sharing, and creative.

We will work, study and listen,

So we may learn; learn so we may teach.

We will cultivate self reliance.

We will struggle to resurrect and unify our homeland;

Bombs and birth control.
 We carried it on.
 In Selma and San Juan.
 Mozambique, Mississippi.
 In Brazil and in Boston.
 We carried it on.
 Through the lies and the sell outs.
 The mistakes and the madness.
 Through pain and hunger and frustration.
 We carried it on.
 Carried on the tradition.
 Carried a strong tradition.
 Carried a proud tradition.
 Carried a black tradition.
 Carry it on.
 Pass it down to the children.
 Pass it down.
 Carry it on.
 Carry it on now.
 Carry it on.
 TO FREEDOM!!

By: Sista Assata Sukur

They say we can't win, but they be steady trying to stop us. Got to
 be a contradiction up in there some where.

(Shaka Shukur)

ANY GROUP MUST HAVE COMMUNITY
 SUPPORT TO SURVIVE.

-Che Guevara-

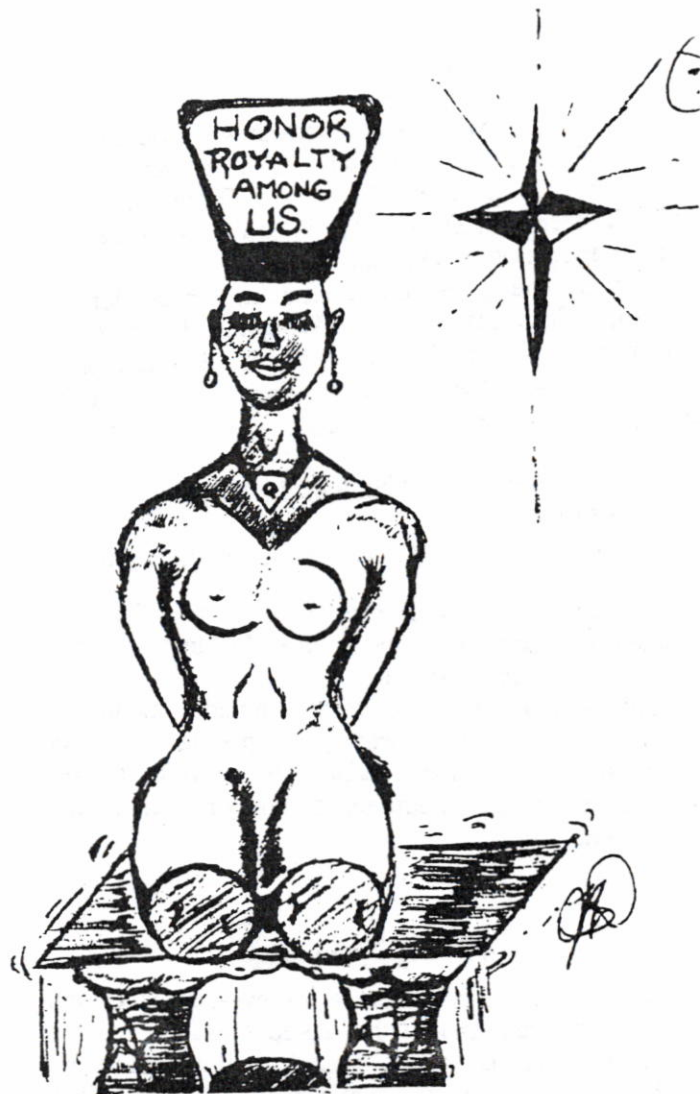
WE'VE LOST OUR RELIGION, OUR CULTURE,
 OUR GOD: AND MANY OF US BY THE WAY WE
 ACT, WE'VE EVEN LOST OUR MINDS.

-Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

The Black National Anthem

Lift ev'ry voice and sing
 Till earth and heaven ring
 Ring with the harmonies of Liberty:
 Let our rejoicing rise
 High as the list'ning skies.
 Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
 Song a song full of the faith that the dark past has
 taught us,
 Sing a song full of the hope that the present has
 brought us.
 Facing the rising sun of our new day begun.
 Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod,
 Bitter the chast'ning rod.
 Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
 Yet with a steady beat,
 Have not our weary feet
 Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?



A Tribute to Mama's: World Wide!

In the mist of this drama, I often think about mama. Mama grew up in an era where blacks couldn't do this, or that but slave long hard hours in a field, with a cotton sack. Mama never complained about anything, that I can remember, and never once did I see Mama lose her temper.

I do recall many times that Mama cried. I look back now? I see she was holding all her frustration inside. Mama is a strong black woman, had to be, or fall victim as a slave casualty. I often see myself in the times of my motha, would I still be alive, or 6 feet under? Mama answered that question for herself, she sure did; but there are still mama's who came to there deaths.

I love those mama's as if they were my own, utmost respect, my love goes on. I know Mama gunna be gone one day, knowing the laws of life and death? Nobody was put on earth to stay. I'm fully prepared, and won't ask why, I'll be strong, and try not to cry.

Thats the way Mama wants it, said it so many times, that's Mama; always taking that hard-line. Mama this tribute isn't a fraction of what I owe you, or what you've been through, but one thing without question, doubt, or contradiction: Mama, I love you..

Is My Enemy - Yo' Enemy?

I see my enemy as de Rockerfellow's, Rothchild's, Trump's, Ford's, Forbes, & Duponts of dis earth. I see my enemy as de Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines, Drug Task Forces, DEA, ATF, Prison Task Forces & all other agents of oppression.

I see my enemy as de opPressdent, Senate Men & Women, Congressmen & Women, Legislators, Governors, Mayors, District Men & Women, and anyone else who feels dat integrating de people with dis imperialist state is for de "best, good, etc." for de people.

Now you may ask who does dat leave?

It's simple.

My comrades & allies are, Revolutionaries, ghetto

men, women & children, rebels, guerrillas, de homeless, shantytowns mans, PP/POW, de proletarian, anarchy, political dissident.

All people who live with genocide, menocide, suicide, as a daily "norm". All people who face oppression, repression, racism, & de right to self determination, dat is being put down by my enemy....

Imperialism...

"With My Eyes Closed"

As I set in this cell, I close my eyes, but yet I still see, not the visions that the naked eye sees, but the minds eye, the visions are beautiful, all the colors are so bright, no smog, you can see for miles & miles. People walking with their kids, greeting each other with smiles of joy, for it is a most glorious day, the sky is all blue, the flowers in full bloom, the greens were so green.

Everyone was in harmony with nature, they were as one. No need for police, cause people here governed themselves, no need for guns, cause people talked out their differences, and came to a solution, solvin' problems without violence. Hunting was not allowed, cause they seen animals as a life form which deserved to live also.

People shopped in shops without the worry of debts, nothing was sold or bought, for bartering was the norm, capital was not the ruler, the people was. People enjoyed going shopping, without being followed around the shop, as if they were going to steal something. The shopkeepers welcomed all who wished to enter the shops, for they knew that the people was really the shop owners. He / She was merely the keeper.

As the sun start to set, and people start to head home for a nice hot supper with the family, or families, for everyone here was as one. As the night wears down, people settle down for a good nights sleep. No doors windows or shutters was locked, no need, because "crime" was nonexistent here.

But then I open my eyes - BAM - back to reality, the sky is no longer blue, but gray from all the pollution, money was the ruler of all evil, no one on



An underground.
We carried it on.
In newspapers. In meetings.
In arguments and street fights.
We carried it on.
In tales told to children.
In chants and cantatas.
In poems and blues songs.
And saxophone screams!
We carried it on.

In classrooms. In churches.
In court rooms. In prisons.
We carried it on.
On soapboxes and picket lines.
Welfare lines, unemployment lines.
Our lives on the line.
We carried it on.
In sit ins and pray ins.
And march ins, and die ins.
We carried it on.
On cold Missouri midnight's.
Pitting shotguns against lynch mobs.
On burning Brooklyn streets.
Purting rocks against rifles.
We carried it on.
Against water hoses and bulldogs.
Against nightsticks and bullets.
Against tanks and tear gas.
needles and nooses.

i.e. congress, mayor, etc., etc. This is nothing but a form of tokenism, such as "house slaves" 400+ years ago..

Reform will not eliminate our problem. Civil rights will not eliminate our problem. Integration will not eliminate our problem.

In order for us (New Afrikans & all oppressed people) to overcome our present situation at hand (imperialism), we must bring to an end (death) of that which is causing us this unbearable pain...

That which is stagnating our growth & development toward human rights, liberation, our self determination, as a nation which is colonized in / by an imperialist state / nation.

So it leads me / us back to the title of this piece "was slavery ended or sophisticated?" We (New Afrikans & all oppressed people) are being (have been) victimized by imperialist Amerikkka, in order to combat these elements we must come together as one on an international level to end this sophisticated form of slavery upon people of this earth.

The most common answer today is: "We can't win". I've taken the position: "We ain't got nothing to lose!", but we do have alot to gain, **OUR SELF DETERMINATION!** We must set aside our petty differences to focus consciously on our overall objective: **FREEDOM...**

The Tradition

Carry it on now.

Carry it on.

Carry it on now.

Carry it on.

Carry on the tradition.

There were black people since the childhood of time who carried it on.

In Ghana and Mali and Timbutu.

We carried it on.

Carried on the tradition.

We hid in the bush.

When the slave masters came.

Holding spears.

And when the moment was ripe,
leaped out and lanced the life blood
of would be masters.

We carried it on.

On slave ships,

hurling our selves into oceans.

Slitting the throats of our captors.

We took their whips.

And their ships.

Blood flowed in the Atlantic.

And it wasn't ours.

We carried it on.

Fed missy arsenic apple pies.

Stole the axes from the shed.

Went and chopped off masters head.

We ran. We fought.

We organized a rail road.

the streets for fear of drive-by shootings. the bricks ar going up on the corner shop for his/her prices was to high. All doors, windows, and shutters locked tight can't sleep in beds cause some body might shoot in the house, and the bed is too high, so we sleep in the floor cause this is a little safer.

-Ah shoot- I think I'll close my eye's again...

9

"Nobody Told Me"

As day turnz ta night, itz dark but de struggle shinez bright. So much pressure on my young shoulderz, but I'm strong, so I push on knowing I gotz ta keep my head up fo' I am de future. No body ever

told me dere would be pain like dis: starvation, psychological slavery, homelessness, murder oppression, repression, and de list goes on, but nobody ever told me.

So 27 yearz later, I see why so many New Afrikanz / people of color lie dead, dey was de young shoulderz which had all de pressure. No body ever told me, about George, li' Bobby, Fred, Johnthon, Malcolm, etc., etc. No body ever told me. No body ever told me that imperialist, capitalist, bourgeoisiez, slumlordz, oppressdetz, etc., etc. Are me enemy. I idolized dis lifestyle of de rich & (in)famous, no body ever told me.

No body ever told me about AFRIKA; de mothaland. I was alwayz told negative thingz about de mothaland, dat my Afrikan sistaz & brothaz were: dirty, people eaterz, ugly, monkeyz, nappy headed, etc., etc. No body ever told me dat de same "namez" we were calling our Afrikan sistaz & brothaz? We were talking about our forefathaz/mothaz, cuzzinz, uncles, auntz, sistaz, brothaz, and even ourselvez, but no body ever told me.

No body ever told me that, every human being wasn't treated equally: segregation, isolation, white supremacy, racism, etc., etc. But no body ever told me. No body ever told me dat, one day I would be put in an Amerikkkan kkkoncentration kkkamp, to be further, dehumanized, brutalized, experimented on, enslaved, murdered, all in de name on (in)justice, but nobody ever told me. No body ever told me dat, Amerikkka was/is one big prison, de gettoz, slumz, projectz, slave wagez, sweat shopz, mom & popz storez, high pricez, taxez, etc., etc. No body ever told me.

No body ever told me about: revolution, liberation, independence, self reliance, confidence, self determination, de family, unity, etc., etc. No body ever told me.

NOW I KNOW WHY NOBODY EVER TOLD ME!!

Now I know why nobody ever told me 'cause, sistaz & brothaz like me: revolutionariez, guerrillaz, politica dissidentz, anarchyz, etc., etc., wasn't suppose to survive dis long to expose de contadictionz, within dis imperialist empire. Now I know why no body ever told me dat, we (New Afrikanz) were "tagged" 3/5 human, coloredz, blackz, negroz, African Amerikkanz.

to keep us (New Afrikanz) in chainz mentally. mis-educated, dependent, passive, submissive, no body ever told me.

Now I know why no body ever told me dat our sistaz are equal to us (men). De impression I was given was one of superiority over women; women were de lowest, bitchez, hoez, rumpshakerz, dogz, slutz, prostitutez. I believed dis, 'cause it was de "Amerikkkan way" (patriarchy). How wrong I was! No body ever told me dat women are strong, independent, teacherz, revolutionaries, guerrillaz, politically conscious, etc., etc. Nobody ever told me.

Now I know why no body ever told me. "cause

nobody ever wanted me to KNOW, for I would (am) encourage all oppressed people to: rise up, rebel against, fight dese demonz in suffering, de annihilation of imperialism.

Armed struggle is de only solution to cure de illz of dis beast, den & only den, we (collectively) can pave de way for socialism...

THATZ WHY NO BODY EVER TOLD ME!!

Self Criticism Of Self!

Its been awhile since I've written to any publications in the most part. I'm to blame, for I lost all interest in different organizations. I felt that all the work that I had put in to bringing black awareness was in vain. I felt that the best way for me to reach the youth was through poems and essays. PNS, MIM, CFF (before shutting down) were the few organizations that ever published any on my writings, this other organization RTW Seattle published a couple, but come to find out, that organization wasn't shit. I felt that organizations was only focused on high profile prisoners. Which I'm not knocking, but we as a nation must focus on all prisoners, and not just the prisoners who can bring focus to any 1 organization. Then these elements were surfacing? I got transferred to another prison/kamp, and at this prison/kamp it was a totally different type of prisoner, this was an overt racist prison/kamp, and the prisoners (New Africans) here were either afraid to stand up, or just blind, and so by me dealing with these contradictions, I got caught up in the moment. Cause it was much easier for me to spend my time bullshitting, than it was to stay in my studies. In the process of going through this "bullshit stage" I did some counterproductive things, i.e. hustling (getting money by all means) then I had a "head check" I read a letter wrote by me (and your) comrade Shaka Shakur on his recapture by the cops.

"U Feel Me?"

I believe that this which we face is becoming more and more hectic as the days go by. It's really our of hand, for the fact we are allowing external forces to dictate us, our actions, are no longer actions of New Afrikans, but reaction of the neocolonialist mind set, therefore we are becoming reactionaries, and this can be a very crucial aspect in our struggle for liberation...

"Are Prisoners Really Slaves?"

Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crimes where of the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction...

According to the 13th amendment of the U.S. Constitution: We are!!!

In one sentence its saying that slavery has been "outlawed", but then if you've been convicted in a court of law, it's saying you are a slave, whether on parole, probation, or in prison, you are a slave, the United States is the slave owners, and this relationship is formed through this almighty (in)justice system, the very same one that the "amerikkkan" people carry so high.

By 1997, the number of incarcerated black men passed the number of white men in prisons and jails. Close to 10% of black men aged 25 through 29 were in prison last year. The imprisonment of black men is at eight times the rate of white men. This is an example of how the prison system is a tool for the repression of oppressed nations within U.S. borders.

-New York Times- 9 Aug. 98 pp. 14

Prisons have become big business, and what better way to run a business with maximum gain, than to use slave labor? In 1997 there were 1,725, 842 people in amerikkkas prisons and jails (NYT). An increase of 5.2 percent (NYT). Modern day slavery is in full effect, and only the people can put an effective end to this practice, and that is to wipe out that which breeds this sickness.

References: MIM Notes (10-15-98) No. 170 page 1 and continued on page 4.

New York times (8-9-98) page 14

"23 Hours"

23 hours a day I: sit, read, write, study, I rest.

23 hours a day I: watch, observe, analyze, I dissect.

23 hours a day I: learn, teach, listen, I speak.

23 hours a day I: love, strategize, converse, I liberate.

23 hours a day I: laugh, cry, destroy, I re-build.

23 hours a day I: yell, holla, scream, Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!

In order for a souljah to maintain this 23 hours, his / her body (physical) must have that 24th hour.

Was Slavery Ended, Or Sophisticated?

Of course, many of us feel we are "free" because of the material accomplishments, political advancements.

strong women all the way through the flick. I.e. Harriet Tubman, Assata Shakur, Angela Davis, Sista Souljah, and the list goes on.

So we must make a conscious effort to respect our women as our equal; she don't walk behind, or in front, we walk side by side, in other words we (men) want to be treated as kings? By the same token treat our women as queens. Our women are under the harsh treatments of minocide, exploitation, oppression, homicide, genocide, and the right to self determination, so by all means, we must recognize patriarchy (sexism) as a part of this system, and if we set our sight on becoming truly free, then using our sistaz should be a thing of the past, and use our energy towards the destruction of this which has us in bondage,,,, imperialism...

I believe that we must keep ourselves in check, in this practice we can show by example that the policy is to always stay focused in our overall objective. When we incorporate follie into our struggle, who would respect this? Who would want to be a part of this? (11)

This struggle is not about an elite few, we struggle for all oppressed people, and so that we understand, what we do affects us as a whole, if we start to focus on ourselves as a nation, then we'll realize that we would like to rebuild our nation on a strong foundation, and as we wouldn't want harm to come

upon our person, likewise we view our nation in this same light...

We all want respect, as well; we should apply our wasted time on educating our self.

How Come?

When I was born I was Black.
When I grew up I was Black.
When I'm sick I'm Black.
When I go out into the sun I'm Black.
When I die I'll be Black,

but you:

When you were born you were pink.
When you grow up you are white.
When you get sick you are green.
When you go out in the sun you are red.
When you go out in the cold you are blue.
When you die you turn purple.
And you call me colored?

Note: I don't know who wrote this, but I like it!

Time... Don't Wait!

Times are changing, and we must change with de time or be forever trapped in time. In de dayz of slavery, there was a way our brothaz & sistaz did things, weather it be from raising a family, to harvesting a crop, in time things changed, knowing all Afrikanz were not allowed to advance in the so called "modern way", this is when our creativity shined. We moved along with time, cuz our sistaz & brothaz realized that we must keep moving ahead. We warp now to the 1960's, Black Power was the chant, black people felt, we stood for something, and the BPP played a very important roll in bringing about awareness, unity, community, the idea was great, they put in work, the enemy recognized. The BPP took a hard hit, so through the 70's the struggle rolled along slowly, but it was moving, that's the whole point, that we move ahead, here comes the 80's, MTV, computers, video games, etc., etc. Oh, then there's M.



Billy Brown with his daughter (left) and a supporter

Jordan. M. Jackson, the Lakers, and this is when the New Afrikan communities took a hit that we haven't quiet recovered from yet, later in this same decade. talk shows arrived on the tel-lie-vision, and our young minds have been focused. Right in our face, it's all a distraction, and with these distractions, we are being side tracked, therefore we have lost valuable time, when we should've stayed focused on our goal, on our objectives, in rolls in the 90's. it was time for us to make a move that would change history, but our chance was lost when so many of us took this movement, this beloved struggle, as a "fad", all the hats, colors, etc.. etc. It was all "cool" stuff, every body was "wishing, hoping, then Nelson Mandala became oppressident of South Africa. as if it has or

have made a difference in this cesspool (USA). The time is moving, it's not slowing up for anyone, therefore we got to go back to our roots, we've got to get back to being creative, not being lead to our destruction, we are a people, we are a nation, knowing these facts, we got to move, we got work to do, and it aint gonna be easy, nothing was easy for our brothaz & sistaz back in the days, they were / are strong, look in the mirror, that's a face of 400+ years of oppression. Time, it's not going to wait for us.

"They Tried"

On the day I was born they tried, in 1980 they tried, 1985 they tried again,

but at these times I didn't know what they was trying to do, now I realize that they tried to shut me up.

They knew that I would acquire the knowledge in which to free a nation, so in order to silence this souljah, they placed me in a kkkamp (prison) in order to repress my voice, try to arrest my avenues in which to touch the oppressed.

They tried by sending me to ISP, MCC, P-town, and now SHU, can't stop / won't stop is what I'm yelling, so I say to hell with them, they can keep trying. I will never stop trying to free the oppressed from this beast (USA).

"For The Youths"

I sit at times and wonder if the youth of today realize our situation as oppressed people on this land (North America)? If so, would our youth be focusing on crack, air Jordan's, or "gold thangs"? I'm inclined to believe that our youth is being raised by NBC, CBS, FOX, HBO, etc.. etc.

This amerikkkan media has cast a spell on our youth and is dictating their / our every action. It's got

to be a sickness that is so entrenched in our youths that if we don't detour them now, we all will pay dearly for years to come, we must tear down this illusion that has been envisioned in our youth.

In order to do so, we must get our youth to focus on their selves (internally) learn to love & respect their selves again. Before we can ask our youths to engage in this struggle for freedom, justice & peace, they / we must be right with in first.

We (conscious New Afrikan families & communities) must teach our youths, not NBC, etc., etc. Then our youths will view life for more than they / we have been over the last 15 years or so, don't give up on our youths, by all means.

"Dignity"

Dignity is the ability to stand strong and tall in the face of adversity, while being able to bow to the elderly, and crawl with the children. Dignity is taking a stand for your beliefs without closing your mind to another's opinion. Dignity is being an example by your deeds, and through your words, avoiding gossip, anger and lies. Dignity will manifest itself in the warmth of your smile, the depth of your love, and kindness for your fellow man / woman.

By: Mychal Wynn

Note: The (woman) at the end was adder by me.
"B"

"Our Sistaz"

We read / study to become conscious (aware) of our situation presently as well as historically. Historically so we can see as to just where we went wrong, mistakes, or what not. I made this point to bring you to this. If in fact history shows that imperialism endorses patriarchy (sexism) then we who study and analyze history criticize this, or that. Then we should be able to recognize this in our consciousness of this system.

By recognizing sexism as an agent of exploitation, by using women as a means of our personal sexual fetishes, then we should take a position as to not legitimize this practice, but to point out the contradictions in imperialism and the consciousness of the New Afrikan, and all oppressed people.

We dedicated our lives for the betterment of our nation (Republic of New Afrika) liberation, equality, self determination, this also means our women must be showed this same dedication, cause she's the back bone of our struggle, history shows that there has been